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## TWO FISH WITH ONE HOOK

Creature, Once Hooked and Twice Swallowed, Had More Than His Share of Adventure.

A singular catch of eels is communicated to the London Field by one of its readers. Special sympathy is due the unlucky creature who, once hooked and twice swallowed, had more than his share of misadventure.

At Woodlands, near to Ivercargill, a lad of twelve years and myself amused ourselves setting side lines in a swamp creek, baiting a small triangle hook with rabbit-flesh tied on with a fine flax fiber.

One evening my little friend cried in excitement, "Oh, do come here! I've got a whopper!" On going, I found a heavy eel (it subsequently weighed seven and one-quarter pounds) on the line, and on pulling it out was astonished at the way in which I found it secured. The line was tied to a flax-bush, and thence I found it entered the eel's mouth, came out again at the gill, and again, with hook and bait, disappeared down the eel's gullet. I carried it as it was up to the homestead, and in the presence of host and family opened it, and found inside a small eel about twelve to eighteen inches long, with the hook and bait in its belly.

This little chap had first swallowed the hook and bait, next was swallowed by the big eel, then crawled out through the gill, and was a second time swallowed by the big fellow, who, in the fierce struggle that followed, had drawn the loop so tight as to pull his head and neck into a curve, and had actually torn the gill through for an inch.

On two or on three other occasions I have found that a small eel that has swallowed the bait, and been in turn swallowed by a big eel, has crept through and hung outside the gill of its captor; but this is the first time I have heard of one being twice swallowed.

## SHE COULD USE THEM



Katharine—I saw you this morning with that horrid widow, Mrs. Weeds. All is over between us and I shall send back all your presents.

Kidder—Don't send them to me; express them to the widow.

## WENT TOO FAR.

Scientific managers should not go as far as Hussler went. Hussler was the proprietor of a tremendous factory where scientific management had reduced the motions of every hand from 800 to 17. Hussler attended a very fashionable wedding one day, a wedding where the ceremony was performed by a bishop, assisted by a dean and a canon, and in the most impressive part of the writ Hussler, overcome by his scientific management ideas, rushed up to the altar and pushed the bishop and canon rudely back. "Here, boys," he said, "one's quite enough for a little job like this."

## LOVE MAGIC IN WORDS OF SONG

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

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Sunderland took his soft hat from the hall tree and adjusted it to his head with a considerable degree of precision. His movements for the moment were all more or less undecided because of the weighty problem that held his mind captive. He spent a few more moments over the angle of his hat, then went out into the busy streets.

Naturally Sunderland's footsteps took him in the direction of his favorite haunts, the old second-hand shops. He stood aimlessly looking over the musty and dusty contents of the windows and all the time he was asking himself the question, "Shall I ask Enid to marry me?"

Sunderland's fingers were unconsciously running through a stack of well-worn music and he suddenly realized that if Enid had possessed even a talent for the lightest of music he could have care more for her. He was not a musician, nor even a critic, but he felt that his home would be incomplete without a little music. His mother had always played and sung, and his most pleasant recollection was of the twilight evenings his mother had gladdened with her songs.

Sunderland was looking through the old music now with conscious interest. He drew a swift, sharp breath, then sighed; it was as if a gentle presence were hovering over him. He had found a song his mother used to sing. The children had always asked for it because it was a fairy legend and spoke of elves and hobgoblins.

A longing to hear the song again stole over him. With a vague idea of asking someone to sing it for him, Sunderland bought the copy and left the shop. Then with his usual analytical turn of mind he fell to wondering who had owned the song and just how it had reached the second-hand shop. He looked for a name on the music and found one.

"Inez Claire," he read, and then in faint pencil scrawl beneath he made out the name of a big studio building. "Now the question is," he pondered, "whether Inez Claire has become a great operatic singer or whether failure has prompted her to dispose of it."

And while Sunderland strove to weave an atmosphere about the song the memory of Enid Valentine was lost and in its place a desire to find the girl who had sung his mother's song possessed him. He told himself that it was not a romantic sense that prompted him; it was merely a longing to hear the familiar song.

Because his time was his own for the moment he made his way to the studios mentioned on the song. Arriving there, he learned that Miss Claire had left a year or so ago. After much inquiry he was given an address in the country to which her mail had been forwarded.

More or less discouraged, but with accented desire to find her, Sunderland went his way.

In the course of a day or so he accepted an invitation from Jimmy Dale to spend a few days with him in the country, the suburb being the one to which Inez Claire had gone to after leaving the studio building.

On their way home from the station Jimmy drew up at a small violet farm. "The mater wants me to bring her some violets for the dinner table," he said by way of explanation. "You had better come in. There is a peach of a girl here—a friend of my mother."

Sunderland followed. At the far end of the hothouse they caught sight of the mistress of the violets. She was gowned in a simple frock of lilac and made an exquisite picture there among the millions of purple blossoms. Sunderland was guilty of hurrying his footsteps.

"She is making a small fortune raising violets," whispered Jimmy Dale. "How is the Queen of Violets today?" he inquired by way of greeting the girl.

"Splendid," she returned with a happy little laugh.

"Miss Claire, Mr. Sunderland," Jimmy introduced the pair perfunctorily.

The smile that dawned over Sunderland's face surprised even the

girl, who was accustomed to the homage of men.

"If you are Inez Claire," he began without preface, "I was just starting a search for you."

Inez looked up. Jimmy did likewise.

"This is evidently no place for me," the latter said laughingly, and turned to talk to the gardener. "Sunderland sure is struck," he muttered to himself.

"Yes, I am Inez Claire," the girl answered; then added with a laugh, "I hope you have discovered that I am an heiress and—"

A swiftly hidden emotion passed across the girl's face and she did not speak for a moment. Finally she looked up and a nervous little laugh accompanied her words.

"That song is all that is left of a career of which I once had fond hopes." By the way in which her fingers caressed the music Sunderland knew that something very dear had been taken from her life.

"My mother used to sing that song, and when I found it in a second-hand shop I bought it and found your name on it," he explained to her. "I went to the studios and found that you had gone. I wanted to trace you and ask you to sing it for me." Inez was silent a long moment, then she looked up and met Sunderland's steady brown eyes fixed upon her. There was something there that called for her confidence.

"I have not sung for a year," she told him. "I failed dismally at my singing and was forced to sell everything I had. The songs, even, had to go. That is how you happen to have found this one." She smiled half wistfully; then her laugh changed to reality. "But I have not failed with my violets."

"But you will sing for me?" Sunderland's voice was half entreaty, half command.

"If you can stand a very rusty voice—I will be glad to," Inez agreed and felt suddenly very glad that someone had commanded her to sing. A peculiar emotional sense had taken possession of her. She did not know whether it was the sight of her own song back again or whether it was Sunderland.

A critic would have known that the girl's voice was not one for public success, but to Sunderland it was the most wonderful music that had ever issued from a woman's throat. Aside from having wandered suddenly into the love world he was carried away by the familiar air of the song and the fairy legend of the words. He was back at his mother's side and she was singing to him. Enid Valentine had gone out of his life and Inez Claire had entered in.

A moment later he looked up. He was alone in the tiny room and Inez was out among the violets. Sunderland arose and followed her.

She did not look up from the flowers when he stood beside her, but went on cutting. A flush played about her cheeks and she longed for Jimmy Dale to come so that she would not feel so uncertain of herself.

"I am coming to see you tomorrow and the next day and the next," Sunderland was saying, "and when I have been here a sufficient number of times am going to ask you to marry me."

Inez looked up then with laughter in her eyes. "I wonder how many days will be sufficient?" she mused.

## HEARD AT THE BEACH.

Mr. Dubb—Often when I look up at the stars in the firmament I cannot help thinking how small, how insignificant I am.

Miss Keen—Indeed! And is it only then that that thought strikes you, Mr. Dubb?—Boston Evening Transcript.

## NO SINECURE.

"What are the principal activities of the official position our friend occupies?"

"Those involved in holding on to it," replied Senator Sorghum.

## THE FLY AND THE PIPE.

"Yes, we have our own special fly trap at home."

"What is it like?"

"A currant pie."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## PLENTY OF FLIES.

Sightseer—Why do you call this "Aviation Inn?"

Refus—Y' ought t' see the show here in summer.—New York Herald.

## Might Be Alive.

McMinnville, Tenn.—Mrs. Ocie Jet, of this place, writes: "I don't believe I would be living today, if it hadn't been for Cardui. I lay in bed 27 days, and the doctor came ever day, but he did me no good. Finally he advised an operation, but I would not consent, and instead took Cardui. Now I am going about the house, doing my work, and even do my washing. Cardui worked wonders in my case. I am in better health than for five years." Cardui is a strengthening tonic for women. It relieves pain, tones up the nerves, builds strength. Try it. At your druggist's.

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126 acres on Palmyra road, 7 miles from Hopkinsville; all under cultivation; 25 acres of nice clover; well improved; mighty nice size farm; can make a price that will interest you.

NO. 2.  
175 acres half mile off Butler pike; splendid farm; well improved, well watered, plenty of timber and good neighbors. Price \$40.00 per acre.

NO. 3.  
860 acres in three adjoining farms consolidated. Will sell separately or as a whole for from \$60 to \$80 per acre. On Clarksville pike, with elegant country home and all modern improvements, including two cottage residences if divided.

NO. 4.  
500 acres 2 miles from town on Canton pike, well improved and well watered, will price \$75 as a whole, or will divide into three tracts.

NO. 5.  
240 acres on Fairview and Pembroke pike, 3½ miles north of Pembroke and 2½ miles east of Fairview, 60 acres in timber. \$50 an acre.

NO. 6.  
127½ acres on Butler pike; nice new 7 room residence with hall, 3 verandas; 1 good tobacco barn; 1 good stock barn. There are also another set of improvements on the farm suitable for overseer; ½ mile of church and school, nice neighborhood, plenty of good bearing fruits on the farm.

NO. 7.  
265 acres near Julian. This is a good farm. Has 35 acres sown to grass. We can make an attractive price on this farm.

### City Property.

Two houses and lots on East 13th St.; one house and lot on East 12th St. The above properties are in nice condition and can sell at attractive prices, which ought to interest those desiring such property.

Store and dwelling combined; also nice cottage and large barn, all on same lot; located on East 19th St. Can sell this property at a bargain.

Nice cottage on West 18th St. This is a nice place. It has all modern conveniences—electric lights, water and bath. It has a nice garden, plenty of shade trees and nice grape arbor. This is certainly an attractive home and one that should command the attention of any one who desires an ideal location.

New cottage on Hopper Court. This house has just been completed and is ready for occupancy. Owner is anxious to sell at once.

House and lot East 13th St., Hopkinsville; house 6 rooms and two verandas, concrete walk and steps, lot 50x135.

Bungalow on Hopper Court, brand new, 6 rooms, bath, electric lights.

### West Side Property.

We have some nice ones. Three nice places on Jessup Ave. and a number of other good properties in same section.

We are here to please you and appreciate your calls.

Call and let us do some business with you.

**WRIGHT & JOHNSON.**